

L A Y S

OF

C H U R U B U S C O ;

WITH HINTS

TOWARD THE FORMATION

OF A

S T A T E C E M E T E R Y .

"Oueis — — sub moenibus altis
Contigit oppetere! — —

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their Country's wishes blest!"

BY A CAROLINIAN.

AUGUSTA, GA.

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL.

1847.

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A TEAR

To moisten the grave of friendship;

A WORD

To soothe the pangs of grief, that time alone can heal;

A SIGH

For the brave and generous hearts that shall never more throb
at the voice of patriotism, or the call of honor.

LAYS OF CHURUBUSCO.

LAY I.

Off. "The time is short, thy friends are dead already."

Jaf. "Dead!"

Pierre. "Yes, dead, Jaffier; they died like men, too,
Worthy their character." VENICE PRESERVED.

Oh! yester 'een,
So fresh and green,
My heart put forth its leaves of hope;
But in the night,
Swept o'er a blight,
And one by one they pale and drop !

But though they pale
And gently fall,
And on the Earth's dark bosom lie,
On each, a name
Enstamped by Fame,
Embalms it, that it cannot die.

Oh! yesterday,
So light and gay,
My heart trilled forth a merry song!
But not to-day
A lightsome lay,
For grief hath sealed the joyous tongue!

But though the joys
That moved my voice,
Are stifled by the silent hand of woe;
Fame's trumpet-tongue
Will wake a song
That shall no silence ever know.

L A Y I I .

"The chieftain reared his form on high,
But fever's fire was in his eye—
— — — — —

Hark ! — — — — —
Fling me the picture of the fight."

SCOTT.

THE spectral fall of blood,
Gleams, gorgon-like, afar !
By Ashley's tranquil flood,
Hark ! the clarion sounds—the muttering drum
Summons to war !

On wings of wind, each from his mountain home,
Responsive to the call, the heroes come.

The gaunt, tall man who leads the brave,
Flings forth his banner free ;
"He would not have to shade his grave,
Another than the emblem tree !"

Low beats the drum—saint sounds the distant clarion,
To fields of death or glory he is gone,
That chieftain—gone !

ODE.

THE Halls of State are hung in black,
The land is desolate and sad;
But all, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
Grief cannot call his spirit back,
Nor speak his image from the dead,
To greet admiring eyes again !

"Warrior of the lion heart.
Sentinel of the eagle-eye,
The Cypress shall not o'er thee wave ;
Ere from thy ashes we depart,
We'll plant, embalming with a sigh,
The green Palmetto by thy grave.

* And oh ! may the emblem-tree long shade
The hallowed precincts of the dead ;
And stand thy monument of praise,^{his}
Who to thy country only knew,
Like Sparta's chieftain, to be true—
Marking in lines of blood her place !

In that pictured battle-ground,
His manly figure will be found,
Foremost among the eager brave ;
As in devotion, so he'll stand
In honor first, while o'er his land
Shall Hope's* bright banner proudly wave.

And standing by the chieftain's side,
Stemming, Achilles-like, the tide
That sweeps o'er the ensanguined field,
Behold his fit coheir of fame,
In knightly bearing as in frame,
And unknowing heart to yield.

* Hope is our guardian virtue—"Dum spiro spero."

L A Y I I I .

"The war that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale—
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye ;
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted, Victory!"

WHAT stalwart form, erect and tall,
 Cast in the proudest mould of symmetry,
 Comes from the dreamy past ; at memory's call
 Comes back to me ?

O'er the blood-sodden ground,*
 The pealing battle-cry
 Seems again, though mournfully,
 To wake and linger on the ear.
 At the stirring sound,
 In thicket, brake, and silent glen,
 Once more, methinks, those armed men,
 Spring up as if from dragon's teeth sown there.

ODE.

Hushed is the harp whose magic sound,
 Once made my inmost soul rebound,
 With stirring, thrilling exstacy ;
 As o'er the silver chords of song,
 The minstrel's fingers swept along,
 In notes of sweetest melody !

Hushed forever is that breath,
 Lost that mighty voice in death ;
 Its sounds no more will come to me,
 Those words in soul-inspiring tones—
 "I would be near the flashing guns,"
 In strains of solemn harmony !

* Camden.

Those who had the pleasure of hearing his appeal to the people of Camden, upon the news of the requisition made by Government for a regiment from South Carolina, will not soon forget its magic effect; and will feel with me, that in the death of the gallant Col. DICKINSON, the State has reason to lament the loss of one of her most eloquent and gifted sons.

L A Y I V .

"I had a friend, hear it ! such a friend,
My heart was ne'er shut to him."

V E N . P R E S .

"P R O P A T R I A N O N T I M I D U S M O R I ."

H O R .

I.

S O F T L Y o'er my memory,
Comes a mournful thought to me,
 Of how—two lustres now ago—
Standing beneath an aged tree,
 We talked of Goliad and Alamo ;
In mantling cheeks and flashing eye,
I saw his hero-spirit rise,
When praying for manhood, and to face
The monster who deforms our race ;
And his coward dogs that whine,
For stealthy murder and rapine.
Oh ! could he meet this perjured foe,
But front to front and eye to eye,
His life upon the hazard-die,
For one good hearty blow !

II.

Time in revolving cycle sped—
Beneath the Aztecs' walls, in that stern strife
Which quenched the fires of many a hero-life,
They met—his prayer was answered !

III.

By the dim sulphureous light,
That threw a lurid glare around
The plains of that dark battle-ground,
A youth was noted in the fight.

While bearing him so gallantly,
 No heart more manful 'mongst them all,
 They saw the youthful warrior fall,
 But foeward as Carolinians die !

As ebbed away the deep life-tide,
 And onward pressed his Spartan band,
 Clutching the flag-staff* in his hand,
 He shook the tattered folds and died !

MONODY.

FRIEND of my boyhood's gladsome days,
 Twined round me in a thousand ways,
 How oft we've rambled through these silent woods,
 Climbed o'er the hills, and plunged into that vale !
 Not one of all these deeply-murmuring floods
 But, if it had a tongue,
 Could sing some merry song ;
 Of hardy bouts, and frolic school-boy frays,
 Could tell some jovial tale !
 But thou art gone,
 Stricken ere thy prime !
 Ere the noon-day sun,
 Thy hour-glass has spent its sands of Time !

Ye fields, in which my careless footsteps played,
 Sporting away the hours of infancy !
 Ye hills, toward which my thoughts have fondly strayed.
 When tossing upon the billowy sea,
 Or watching the star-lights of another sky ;
 You all, like me, look sad,
 In antumnal colors clad !
 And oh, sweet songsters of the grove,
 You trill no more those vernal airs of love !
 Like that without—the Spring within is gone.
 And now my heart is left alone,
 To dreary, wintry melancholy !

* VIDE DICKINSON'S REPORT.

Friend of my early and my happier days,
Long must thy image in my thoughts be dear,
As the sear petals of the withered rose,
Throw still a lingering sweetness through the air.

I've twined, my friend, a woodland wreath for thee,
Though soon, like thee, 'twill wither of its bloom,
For Friendship deems such mournful tribute due,
And scatters wild-flowers o'er thy hallowed tomb.

"The latter received his (the flag) from the dying hands of his gallant subaltern, Lieut. DAVID L. ADAMS, who fell with it in his hand."—DICKINSON'S REPORT.

L A Y V.

"Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love,
And none named thee but to praise!"

—“DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.”

[HOR.

STIFLE the merry voice of glee,
Muffle the pealing drum—
A wail of woe on silent Wateree,
A voice of anguish from the warrior's home!

He gazed upon the morning sun,
Risen o'er the Castle* height,
But when o'er it the Stars of Glory shone,
The youthful hero slept beneath their light!

Behold him lying face to foe,
To Death he would only yield!
See how he sternly answered blow for blow,
And fell like a Spartan on his gory shield!

Thou hast not lost an honored chief,
In this young hero gone,
Whose death calls for a Nation's grief;
But yet, O Land! his heart was all thine own!

How better with the heroic past
Thus closely linked to die,
And with a grateful Country's glory fast,
Than yield our breath, leaving no memory!

Where lights the Sun his Western fires,
On Tenochtitlan's† glistening spires,
In that ensanguined valley wide,
His form lies by his Chieftain's side,
With those of that heroic band
Who fell 'neath the banner of their land,

* Lieutenant JAMES WILLIS CANTEY was killed in the storming of the Castle of Chapultepec.
† Indian name of Mexico.

Illustrating a craven sod,
 Made glorious by their sacred blood !
 Each hero-soul has stamped his name,
 Fast in his Country's Book of Fame,
 In golden letters that shall shine,
 While Star may with bright Star combine.

And must thy sons, O State ! thus lie
 To wither 'neath a foreign sky ?
 Or shall those cowards spurn the earth,
 That hides their bones below its waste?
 Oh ! the proud land that gave them birth
 Should clasp her heroes to her breast,
 And o'er them some memorial raise,
 The grateful tribute of her praise !

And if, O generous youth ! thy land should not
 Deem meet to choose for thee some humble spot,
 Amongst those sons who have deserved her love—

The hills where thou once loved to rove,
 In happy years
 Of childhood gone,
 Those hills thy hallowed dust shall keep ;
 There shall the youthful martyr sleep,
 Bemoaned by friendship's—and those bitter tears
 Shed for a loved son !

But if thou might'st not, in thy humbler sphere,
 Like our own BUTLER, tear from Fame her wreath
 Of Cypress dark, entwined with Laurels fair,
 And sound her trumpet with a dying breath—
 Perchance thy name may never reach her ear,
 Thy struggle and thy fall !—
 There flashed no blade of truer steel ;
 There beat no heart to Honor's voice more leal
 Than thine, brave youth, in all !

The tear of kindness well may start,
 In thinking on thee, lost and gone,
 Thou great and honest heart !
 If on thy soul there was a blot,
 Or a dark crevice there,

Forgiving Friendship saw it not,
Virtue threw around a glare,
O'erwhelming it in a thousand rays—
As the faint spots upon the sun,
Are lost and hidden in his blaze!

L A Y V I .

"I stood beside the grave of one who blazed
 The comet of a season, and I saw
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
 With not the less of sorrow than of awe
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone."—BYRON.

—————“France shall feel the want
 Of this last consolation, though so scant—
 Her honor, fame and faith, demand his bones.”—IB.

“AMPH' ANTOISI D'EPEITA MEGAN KAI AMUMONA TUMBON
 CREUAMEN,” ktl.

[ODYS. xxiv. : 81.]

I.

Nor mountain-peak nor stream nor glen,
 But the heroic acts of men,
 And glorious words, these make a land
 Oblivion's gloomy curse withstand.
 Who of us that in flesh and blood,
 On Hellas' barren hills hath stood;
 Who of us yet but knoweth well,
 And her proud history could tell?
 What musing spirit but may stroll
 Full oft through Academus' shade,
 Or mark the broad Eurippus roll,
 By shores where lie the Spartan dead?
 Who hath not climbed Parnassus' mount,
 Nor drunk of pure Castale's fount?
 The act of heroism, and the word
 Of wisdom, cannot be interred;
 The turf may hide the hero's bones,
 His deeds still speak in louder tones—
 As good seeds buried in the earth,
 To new and beauteous forms give birth,

So thus in after times his name
Will wake in Poesy a theme,
Oft when the holy flame is lost,
The altar bare and chilled with frost,
And down Maui's grovelling sight is bound,
Pleased with his image on the ground,

And not one upward thought aspires—
Great acts and good rise from the Past,
And lengthening, giant shadows cast,
Till up to Heaven they reach, and thence,
Prometheus-like, snatch down its fires

To light the altars of their sires,
And touch the lips of Eloquence !
From earth they wrest and upwards turn,
And fire the hearts that would not burn :
To souls that rise not from the clod,
Give wings to bear them up to God !
Like waters of the hidden stream,

Forth gushing from the mountain side,
That in new channels murmuring glide,
And playful drink the morning beam ;
But onward the gentle current flows,
And constant, by slow degrees it grows,
Until upon its heaving tide
The Commerce of a State may ride ;
Thus from the Past may gush and roll,
Some hidden stream to cleanse the soul,
That swells, 'till nations on its brink
May rest, and of its waters drink,
And like present Greece, the State
Become, as of yore, regenerate !
Then, men with eager haste crowd round,
To hear the names they love to sound,
And hang with rapture on the strain,
That bids their heroes live again !

II.

Palmetto Land ! who visits thee
Will find old hospitality,

Politeness 'mongst Huguenots may claim,
And Cavaliers worthy of the name ;
But seeing no curious objects here,
Many will fly to fields more fair,
Exclaiming as they leave thy shore :
“ What good can spring from land so poor,
Where only pine and cypress wave,
Emblems of silence and the grave ? ”
O Sun ! speed on thy annual round !
Ye fields be soon with harvests crowned !
Ere many moons may fill and wane
The fiery track and blazing train
Will strike thy base, Blue Mountain chain !
And like ye not our barren strand,
Or causeless, dread pestilential air ?
Then long ye may not tarry there,
But hie away to Mountain land.
Then will Shawanno* spread to view
Broad hills of green, and skies of blue,
Long-hidden land of Poesy,
Of cliff and water-fall and glen,
Beauteous as human eye hath seen,
Or human eye could wish to see :
From waves that leave Hispania's coast,
To the Dumb Sea o'er Sodom lost ;
From realms of snow to plains of sand,
What land so beauteous or so grand
As my own loved father-land ?
But though my heart is proud of all
Shawanno boasts of stream and fall,
Of Mountain precipice and glen,
Of azure skies and fields of green,
These are nother best jewels fine,
Whose rays to distant regions shine.
Behold her sons ! how many a gem
Sparkles in her radiant diadem,
As the pure rays of Orient light,
That break in rainbow hues of bright !

* An Indian term, “ The Sunny Land.”

Stranger! the cypress* and the pine,
 May mourn not o'er thy land as mine;
 Broader thy plains, thy mountains bare
 May higher pierce through misty air,
 Thy fields in rank luxuriance grow,
 And streams of milk and honey flow;
 Such were the fathers of my race,
 And proudly I look thee in the face!

III.

For such—the generous and good,
 Who gave their willing toil or blood
 To illustrate a People's fame—
 The unbidden voice of Gratitude
 Should answer at each well known name,
"Write not that name in books alone,
But grave it with iron pen in stone!"
 The traveller o'er Egyptia's sands,
 In mute, mysterious wonder stands,
 At those strange monuments that rise
 Stupendous 'mid her cloudless skies;
 Each hollowed pyramid is meant
 For vast sepulchral tenement.
 Angelo's honored urn at Rome,
 The State with secret, stealthy hand,
 Transported to his native land,
 To rest beneath her marble dome,
 Knowing the incentive it would be
 To emulous posterity.
 Thus, Gratitude was wont to raise
 To worth her monument of praise;
 But we adopt the expedient
 Of weeping for our lost great—in print;
 And if in eulogies we mourn,
 From moonful to the wane of moon,
 Imagine justice has been done,

* The cypress and beach shade land enough in South Carolina to support, if drained and thrown into proper cultivation, five times the amount of her present population, such is its fertility.

To past and future yet unborn.
 The simple stones that point the eye
 To where our Conscript Fathers lie—
 Ah! soon will envious time erase,
 And leave behind no living trace.
 In vain will future pilgrims come,
 And sorrowing, ask for Scipio's tomb ;
 Or grope among the ruins here,
 For broken Cylinder* and Sphere.

IV.

TELL me, O State, hast thou been just
 To this great duty, and this trust ?
 Where lie the bones—where sleeps the dust,
 Of those who gave their life-blood all,
 In Freedom's struggle at thy call ?
 No stones point to the passer-by
 The graves wherein thy heroes lie.
 For shame ! for shame ! thou knowest not,
 Nor carest where they lie and rot !
 Did Sparta thus ? or thus did Rome ?
 Ask Tyber—let Thermopylæ speak—

By the side of Michael Angelo, whose body was actually stolen away by the Florentines from Rome, now rests Machiavelli, Gallieo, and Alfieri. It was while musing among the tombs of Santa Crece, that Alfieri, according to his confession, "felt the first throbings of glory." But the most remarkable case is that of Pisa. This State, in the beginning of her career, expended large sums in the formation of a State Cemetery and Museum, for the bones of all such worthy citizens as should have contributed in a more than ordinary degree to her renown, or the development of her national resources. It afterwards became an object of highest aspiration, for a Pisan to be deemed worthy of a tomb in the Campo Santo, and to have his bust placed in the adjoining Museum. Soon that little City-State grew up to opulence and power, and saw her flag floating at the mast-heads of more than three hundred vessels.

* A Cylinder and Sphere were placed over the grave of Archimedes. Cicero was enabled from this fact, to identify his tomb, and point it out to the fellow-townsman of this remarkable man, who had lost every trace of it,

Hast thou none worthy of a tomb,
 As Roman stern or patriot Greek ?
 Where are thy sages known to Fame,
 Whose toils have given thee a name ?
 Hast thou no Cicero* afar,
 Slumbering beneath a Northern star,
 Who towered among the ambitious crowd,
 Upwards by head and shoulders broad ?
 No artist† who had toiled long days
 And nights, in waiting for thy praise,
 Whose spirit listens to the moan,
 And murmur of a distant sea ?
 Guard well these relics, all thine own ;
 Be just, they have been true to thee !
 And o'er the brave who bucklered round
 Thy breast, in times that tried men well,
 And those who by Tezcoco fell,
 Build high thy Marathonian mound,
 On whose proud summit plant the tree
 Sacred to glorious liberty !
 Nor Olive, though Athenæ's prize,
 Nor Oak, dear to the Briton's eyes,
 So sacred as the tree that caught
 Upon its mail, with hissing mock,
 The hail in our first battle shock.
 The fiery hail with havoc fraught,
 And shelters now in foreign land
 The remnant of that Spartan band,
 Who under iron-hearted Shields
 Have swept in triumph o'er the fields,
 Where—the bold Northmen‡ by their side—

* HUGH SWINTON LEGARE.

† DaVEAUX, a young artist of brilliant promise, who died at Rome in 1844. The police of one of the Italian cities, discovering some unconscious error in his passport for Rome, ordered him to leave the place in half an hour. He had to hire the first conveyance that was offered, and was forced to travel over the Appenines in an open wagon, in dead of winter, which killed him. One or two of his pictures now in South Carolina, show what the State lost by his premature death.

‡ The gallant New Yorkers, who planted the first American flag on the walls of Chapultepec.

They stemmed the booming battle tide,
 Entwining thus the Shamrock sheen
 In glory round the Evergreen !
 Tree of my State ! long may'st thou stand,
 The guardian of a happy land,
 And thy perennial branches wave
 Forever o'er the free and brave—
 Fair women chaste and manly youth,
 Of stainless chivalry and truth !
 An Abbey* may not rear its spires,
 And hide thy dead 'neath fretted choirs—
 No Pantheon tower through frozen air
 To guard the relics moulderling there ;
 But gather all thy great and good,
 Who've shone in Camps, in Councils stood,
 And mark for them some resting-place,
 Along where tranquil Ashley strays ;
 Or Science sheds her bounteous rays,
 Lighting Ambition's secret flame,
 In Halls, by Congaree's rushing stream.
 Then through the silent, mournful grove,
 Thy younger sons will love to rove,
 And monumental favors view,
 Rewards to generous impulse due !
 Then will they toil to win the wreath,
 That binds the anxious Scholar's brow,
 Or o'er the martyr forms below,
 Their fathers' hero-spirit breathe !
 Poets will cull bright thoughts around,
 That blossom in such hallowed ground ;
 And ardent spirits on each tomb,

* England was so sensible of the good effects of such a lesson, that she placed her Houses of Parliament adjoining Westminster Abbey. We all remember the words of NELSON, when giving signal for battle, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!"

† The Pantheon of France, dedicated by the Nation, to the sacred object of guarding the dust of departed greatness, is a monument of their public spirit, worthy of such a people. On the great bas relief, beneath the frieze, are the words—"Aux grand hommes la patrie reconnaissante."—"A grateful country to her great men!"

Read their own lives in time to come.

Awake from long neglect, O State !
A great Past makes a Future great !

The Legislature, by purchasing a few acres at or near Columbia, to be laid out as a Cemetery or *Ceramicus* for our great men, who have lived, or may yet live, would not only be obeying the high impulse of popular gratitude, but following examples of the most enlightened nations. The instances of Athens, Sparta, Florence and Holland, are furnished to show us that not in territorial extent mainly consist the greatness and power of a State, but in a lofty public spirit—a well-grounded and rational State pride.

In whatever view we may consider it, whether as in any degree, cause, effect, or condition, it is an indisputable fact, that all the great free States of the world, however they may have treated their benefactors during life, have been careful to honour them after death with lasting memorials of gratitude.





